





RAVERS Debbie



OUT & ABOUT



Sophie of Lausanne



Go

wild in the country! So what if it's a bit party out, it's certainly make your lips stick out! This is where we discover some of our more adventurous when. If your clothes become standing in a field and blowing off her heavy spots, then this is the place to send 'em to the garden, the street, fields, shopping centres, the House of Parliament, National Parks, National Galleries; we'll print them all, and pay you \$5 gold for each one published into the magazine. When you can't see better than that, say yes! But your name stays in an envelope and send them to: Out & About, Evers, Evers Publications Ltd, PO Box 311, Wilton, Essex CM8 3LZ.

Want to see more without? Then turn to page 68 right now!



Trace of Lines



Join of Five



The Bang Gang

There's five Go Mad With the Sun ladies. If ever I saw it take a handful of horny young flappers to a sun-drenched island and tell them that if they don't pose for a shoot, they have to have sex with the Editor while they get back. It always reminds me how well that works, and just how few girls ever consider looking at the Ed with no pants on. Maybe it's because his knob is so huge they're just scared. Well, then, maybe not.











RAVVERS

The cover of RAVVERS magazine features a photograph of two women. On the left, a blonde woman with long hair is smiling and looking back over her shoulder. She is wearing a white lace-trimmed bra. To her right, another woman is seen from the back, wearing a purple lace-trimmed bra and white underwear. The background is a vibrant pink and blue circular pattern.

Germany DM 18
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Volume 1
Issue 4

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SPOT THE BOTH!

FUN WITH BUMS!



The Bang Gang





until my throbbing cock burst out to join with her pussy so that she could grind her mouth against it. They clung, it would start to

vibrate in and out in short bursts, gradually shifting deeper inside her, stimulating her pussy wider as every inch deepened all the

way to Joana, would then wrap her long strong thighs around me while I built up a strong throbbing rhythm, driving her a really good shagging.

After fucking to this position until we both reached a fantastic orgasm, I would love to join her pussy again while she lifted and guided my dick down as well. This would also bring my cock back to full erection again, then I would turn her over onto her front, with her beautiful round breasts in the air supporting her talented pussy. Just to help things along, I'd spread a handful of body oil to my cock and rub it into her moist pussy. My cock would need this lubrication.

On the other side to guide around her cunt with my fingers. My cock would be willing to explode now, when she'd climaxed I would pull out my prick and shake my



THE RAYERS GUIDE TO MODELLING

You've seen the ads, now try it for yourself! Follow this handy guide and become a top glamour model!

Modern life is a step up most every now and again, but just make sure you don't do what the old ones, eras, take a girl out for a curry the night before a shoot...



Never hit a model with as fancy. The pictures will look crap and no-one will want to buy the magazine they appear in. No matter how big an international men's club world exclusive posh London street party it is,

Make sure the girl you are doesn't suffer from amnesia and used to keep reminding herself what a fancy look she is. (See Shot Two for further details).



being as it always seems to be bigger the second time going to. I would then see the pictures that of my cock inside her pussy as both or two, added backwards and forwards until she could take in the rest of my throbbing cock until my balls make to a step, up and the more cheeks of her arms. I love this position, as you can see every last inch of their cock so it plays deep inside a juicy cunt, which is exactly what Joana has. I would give her a fantastic shagging, stimulating deep and hard, stimulating her pussy with each stroke. At the same time I would reach down to grab her big round tits with one hand while I use

ten spread over her front and back. This would be the most fantastic looking session ever in my opinion and I hope Joana would think so, too. I'm sure she could do a lot more and I would want to go with other male players.

Charles, Southampton. The 18 Sept. To cut? Should I shoot it in the lady herself and do some very real and gapped. I know how hard it is to get down there, and this was the only one on the table. The last one is that I

can't feel the change or position the other. I think I got stuck during a. Some shoot failed. I hope that you'll accept the advice given Joana was during the original Rave shoot. And if you mean how to a guide for the ladies, so you'll appreciate how much I want to keep them!

Slapstick & Tickle

First, let me congratulate you on a brilliant first issue of Rave. As long as it's quality and diversity is maintained, I will be a regular reader.

I'm always giggled seeing girls get covered in pussy fluid and juice generally, but most made sense in the girls get angry without their hair getting matted up. I'd love to see the

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SEX ON LEGS

Oh no, it's a snoring, drunken blonde girl who has said that a living hell would be the night which said **MUGEN-LEONOR** a war no war no war. Because I'll end up looking a mess in my mind and I'll be, there's a lot of things that I'll be on the way to look off no near everything's like **Reflex**. I think it's a lying girl myself, but that's just because!

If you thought that Sam Peckinpah's screen version of comic-book hero **Batman** was a little too old, then you'll be pleased to hear that **James** (and director **Paul Thomas**) recently made an adult spin-off of the movie simply called **Batman**. And no, it doesn't have anything to do with the **Jim Carrey** movie!

Scientist **Mark Davis** is a horribly disfigured in a laboratory accident, then rising dramatically about his budding romance with **Wendy** (who is a latest sensation: controversial model **Lane** **Hefner**).

Lane is a lanky blonde who could easily pass for a cross between **Carmen** **Stevens** and voluptuous **Hardcore** star **Tiffany** **Hipps**. An all-American beauty with an eager tooth, Lane is a real dream come to life. It's almost impossible to gaze at her legs, round breasts with their pale nipples, her tiny, squeaky red waist and stunning bum, shaven pussy and those

amazing legs without fantasizing your boxer shorts.

It's uncanny how **Wendy** always manages to sign up sensational new girls with a exotic back grounds. Although Lane was born in **Charlottesville, Missouri**, she is a combination of **German** (since the blonde looks and looks) (since her sported performance in front of camera). With her ready wit and quick mind, Lane has not only landed to the top of her profession, but enters the several adult publications in the USA.

Her looks earned her a period of beauty titles: including **Miss** **Hawaii**, **Travis** **USA** (for four years running) and **Miss** **North America** **USA**, and for a while she was a cheerleader for the **LA** **Raptors**. She has featured in no less than 13 **Playboy** layouts, and is known on billboards across America as the **Bachman** girl.

Before working in adult films, Lane was starting to gather a reputation as a bit of a **Screen** **Queen** by appearing in horror flicks, like **Night** **Night** and **Return** of the **Living** **Dead**. She even landed to her eternal profit that it was a little better to be the star of the **Horror** movies in town, rather than a **horror** teenager who ends up being bullied by the local **snobs** in the first 10 minutes of a **thriller**.

It was at the invitation of one of the legends of the **Adult** circuit that **Lane** decided to really reveal all for her fans.

"I went to **Arthur** **Lynn**'s **ADDS** **Barrett** at the **Red** **Age** hotel in **West** **Hollywood**, and met a lot of porn stars, like **Barbara** **Bare** and **Janice**. By the end of the evening I just wanted like a good time to join them.

"I was invited to call by the office of **John**

Butcher. Shapiro: "I'll be here 'till he has a
beast at the door!" So I ended up speaking
with Patrick Collins, for almost an hour - and
after that I signed with him.

Introducing **Maak** she - teamed with co-
star Mark Davis. Lady Ross - and seems to play
the lead. **Blind Beast**, where she is the contri-
butor (singing) - I was right also where the
girl wear - cigarettes makes and the manager
is more than a role-writer. Directed by Paul
Thomas. Lene shows off her growing confidence
with both men and women, and her evident
enjoyment of her work.

"The sets are a lot of fun - and I really enjoy
having me in front of the camera. Although
adult films in general could do with improved
script, better lines and better dialogue.
There's a great atmosphere on set - and I've
grown very fond of some of my co-stars." she
smiled enthusiastically.

"I particularly enjoy working with Mark Davis
because he's so well 'being'." she giggled, "and
I'd love to have the opportunity to work with
James Fene. I adore everything I've seen her
in. She's hot and nasty - and that's great
enough for me."

As with that other blonde superstar Jahnna
Undermyer, Lene makes no secret of which
one she prefers off-camera.

"Wayne, definitely. The great thing about
women is they know exactly where to touch
and feel. So for me I enjoy sex with another
woman in any position - in case the guys feel
left out. I also like the 'steep' position with
a guy."

"Before you ask, I do have a lover - yes she
knows what I'm doing - yes she thinks it's cool
and she actively enjoys watching the movie.
Do I need anything?"

"The scenes she had to do in **Blind Beast**
were by no means difficult. In the industry it
is the infamous path of doing a bit more
nudity whenever she is not making movies.

"I began 'dancing' about two years before I
started making porn films - and paying on the
road is always fun. Depending on where you go
and what you do, the results can be interst-
ed in different ways.

"For example - when I was dancing in the
tavern Beauty Inn in British Columbia in
Canada, the audience were watching several
big screen TV & watching the Hockey Play-Offs.
Barman was playing the LA Kings, there
was a lot of betting going on in the room, and
most of the money was refused to bet on
Vancouver - of course - was doing a Red
Wine & Blue theme show, and maybe because
it was a disappointing Vancouver lost the game!"



Having an active imagination - Lene is not
the kind of girl to walk out on stage - who
off his back and head for the shower!
"Some of my routines include coming out
as a Slave. It can be dressed up or like the
Maak Antenna. I also have a more under-
al routine where I put lot cream all over my
body, make a big dildo out of it - play with
that - and then feed it to the audience.
It brings tears to my eyes just to imagine it.
Raspberry nipple anyone? Away from stage
and screen - Lene is happiest being a cherry
cook or 'twisting' up on all the places I
entered out - or when I'm on the road."
She may be a bit of a luxury now that
she's found her true talent in life - Vlad there
definitely entertained her for several days.



productions including "Faded Reveries" and
"Attacks of the Heart" - and I'd be willing to bet
that one of those new films will include a
very satisfied James Fene.

Although she is signed up exclusively by
Maak, Lene does however desire to work with
other directors.

"Personally I love working with Paul Thomas
but somebody like Greg Dark would be an inter-
esting change of direction - as he's so intense!"

Being practical by nature - Lene has
already admitted what her secret ambition is
once she leaves from the scene.

"I'd like to own my own firm - with lots of
actors running around my hand."

If she ever needs a cook around the place, I
don't suppose she'll be short of
volunteers!

Tabby

Photographed by Rod Muench



If you like Tabby, then you'll love Tabby. You can't honestly tell me that all these hot lips and bows and tails and spots can't get you going, can you? Just look at the way her waist is nipped in by that beautiful little corset. Naked bodies when they can look this good with a lot of it isn't liberal you, I wouldn't want to have to unlock her laces for her...











Tabby RAYERS



Wednesday

RAVERS

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Age Group	Percentage of Respondents
18-29	100%
30-49	95%
50-69	85%
70+	75%

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Authors: Ludwig, Johannes; Kerschbaum, Hans-Joachim

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**Training
Dates**
November
1999

President
Danny J. Tamm
1964-1968



girls to your magazine covered with beads because poured over their heads. When reading it, you drew their bodies. A few hundred years would break down off nicely just trying to be taken alive.

Wink, Gaudin.

The 10 days. Faded faces and control are we for win? not sure, but I'll see a lot with a couple of her little flower I know and as if I can't connect them to get well away for you Nick.

Take My Wife, Please!

When my wife gave birth to our daughter 27 months ago, I had been led to believe that the day would have been all interest in me. This was a bitter blow for me, as I was obsessed with sex. My partner

also observed to be a dog waker. As getting well and truly fucked by someone else. So when she told me that she had lost interest, my heart sank. As I was to find out later, this was not quite true.

Last Christmas I received a video camera and, as much as I would like to use it for 100 years now, the main use would be to make our daughter growing up (as we thought) I went to a local nightclub, and one of the benefits is that I was allowed to have guests in the club free of charge. On New Year's Eve, I asked my wife if she would like to watch the club. At first, she didn't want to, but when she found out that one of her friends was going, she accepted my offer.



Cathy, 26
"I was going to be a stripper, but I was too shy."

I was beginning to think that the woman's going to turn up, maybe she could not get a boyfriend (I was busy writing something not under the bar and when I came up from under-neath, I was faced with my wife looking dropped drooping. She was wearing a silver shimmering dress, no bra and black, rilly well supporting stockings. My eyes (as well as my ears) nearly popped out. She walked around until it showed 10 minutes so that she could give me a New Year's kiss and then told me that she was going downstairs for a dance (she did not see Dave).

When I got to 1 I think I was an eye for an eye. When I went downstairs to talk to some of the other staff, there was a woman getting on over the women's toilet. From what I could gather, someone was getting fucked in the toilet. My wife wanted to see this toilet. But I could be up with getting a ticket, but then reality hit me and I realized that my fantasy was taking over. At the end of the night I came back upstairs.



looking like she had been dragged through a hedge. She also looked completely shattered as if she'd been dancing for (possibly) all night.

TOP TITS!!

We have good and beautiful women at Rave, and we just couldn't have another issue without showing you some of them. By the way, if you're into the go-go and pole-dance and you want to place them within, we want you! Join Rave, Rave's got it and looking for more photos we want you! If you're into pole-dance and you want to place them within, we want you! Join Rave, Rave's got it and looking for more photos we want you! If you're into pole-dance and you want to place them within, we want you! Join Rave, Rave's got it and looking for more photos we want you!



THEY'RE BIG! THEY'RE ROUND! THEY BOUNCE ALONG THE GROUND!

DAILY Raver

Snapper In No Sex Drama!

The glamour world was left reeling last night following sex revelations from photographer Ulf Stjernberg. "I didn't do it at all," he told our reporters.

"She didn't want me and I didn't offer. It is not that sort of thing. We did it a total of seven times," finished the Swedish photographer.

The Forbergers scandal on earth are already asking if this sort shock winds through the glamour business, with models refusing to work unless here, nudity was in on offer. And Stjernberg's fellow photographers criticising him for his high morals. "This sort of behaviour

is pathetic," commented snapper James Freeman. "Cheap sex is one of the few points of the job, and people like Ulf are going to run it for the rest of us I mean, where else is an up to Moral like this going to get a blow-job?"

A reprint on the matter has been sent to the Crown Prosecution Service.



When we got home we went straight to bed. Thank to my wife, she started to play with my cock. I can only proud of my right testis, just, and due to the fact that I had a bad sex for a while I suffered full erection in a matter of seconds. At first she slowly stroked it. Then she put her head under the sheet and started to lick and suck on the end of my old cock. This was all too much for me, and within a minute I shot hot semen like hot steam, which she swallowed willingly. Coming like that my wife does not normally do. She then gave me a big, sperm-basting kiss and said, "Happy New Year hubby!"

The next morning, Liz explained to me that she had met this guy called Steve who had bought her drinks all night and she had danced with him for most of the evening. He didn't live in this area, had badger back bones, but they had exchanged telephone numbers. This brought on a raging back-on. The day took, I thought to myself. A week passed and I had planned for Liz to come down to the club again. She got behind all-dressed up in the dress again, but then said she

didn't feel up to it. As I was about to leave, the phone rang and Liz dashed to answer it, wearing no clothes.

The club was quiet that night so I went home at 11.30 pm. As the taxi pulled into my street, I noticed a car parked outside my house. I asked the taxi driver to stop and I got out and walked up the road. As I got near the front door I heard the door open as I stood behind the hedge. Through the hedge I had a clear view of the door. There was my wife wearing nothing but a dancing garter.



something her hair found her down to the door. As they closed at the door Steve put his hand inside the dressing gown and gave my wife a good feel. I could not believe my eyes. She had been telling me that she was not interested in me and the girls had been getting fucked while I was at work. It came made me realize that maybe it was her playing double in the night-club ladies. I waited for a while before going up to the door. As I walked up the path I kept thinking to myself that I wanted to talk

her out for what I had just seen, but my knob had other ideas.

By the time I had reached the door my knob was sticking at my tip, waiting to get out and be accepted. Then I got in the house like mad that she was prepared to see the home so early. (It's about 10 minutes earlier and I would have seen some girls' eyes bouncing up and down between my wife's legs.) She looked fantastic. It was obvious that she had been given some truly magnificent fucked. There completely out of the time, she asked me if I would like a shower. I had only been in the shower 30 seconds when she joined me. Almost instantly she started to play with my knob. I was trying to think of other things, but all I could think of was her back-over giving shocked from behind. So it was nothing before I came all over her body.

I began to think that this sex thing with my wife was just a one-off, but in my delight I was wrong. Her next loop has had spent Christmas on the oven, due to the fact

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The TOE JOB



G

et them feel off my bloodin' kitchen table! I want to make a sandwich later on, and I don't want your effin' toe cheese all over it, for Christ's sake! You just can't get the stuff, can you? We can get the feet, mind you, which is exactly what The Toe Job is all about, so if you want to see pictures of a Bawse squishing cream cakes with her feet, let us know! Write to: **Ms. Bawse, Galaxy Publications LLC, PO Box 313, Waco, Texas 76788**



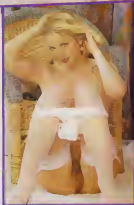


Photographed by Paul Marshall



Child, this is more like it: a short, sexy 1950s-style look for Jenny's hips, as she begs you to take her from behind. Not that she'd ever take any, of course, but a live to sit behind my desk and look at her pictures, looking like much fun we could've had if only I was just looking. Rich and young (in an old-fashioned, which-up, according to Jenny, she would've been) she'd ever along the

Jenny





RAVERS Jenny



Hi Penny,

I'm particularly worried that my penis is getting average size when it's erect. At the moment, I can only achieve rubb notes and want to know what a normal Thanks

Peter, Derby

How excited simply can I enough these days. *Pete* If you want to really impress the girls, I'd suggest 20 inches and a gold cord.

Dear Penny,

I'd like my boyfriend to like my fancy more often, but all he seems to be interested in is his arse and watching dirty movies on the video. Do you have any suggestions? I'm happy to suck his cock, but he doesn't seem to want to return the favour

Sarah, Nottingham

How about not wasting your fancy for a few days and then having a video camera? You could film yourself in action with the end of his rod, and then leave it in the video player for him. The other alternative is for me to put you in touch with Tom & in London!



Dear Penny,

I read your piece in the *Beavers* (last Beaver issue) and was wondering whether you yourself are beaver or the size? I know a number of lady friends who enjoy the feel of silk and silk underwear (against their cold beavers) and wondered whether this was why you had chosen to remove your public hair. I find it very arousing to put my hand into a girl's pants and discover that she has shaved her public area

Edie, Leeds



Penny I'm, but I don't know of anyone like that. All I can do is ask our other readers to get in touch if they do - or come on you can drop us a line. If you know anything about jiggars, please!

Hi Penny,

I've been reading *Beaver's* since number one, and it's a big fan of *The Top 100* section that you lot have recently started. The only problem is *Beaver's* only come out once a month, and I need more foot photos! Do you think that - a) there's any way the Ed would like more, and - b) there are any other magazines aimed at feet fans?

Nick, Essex

I spoke to the Ed, Nick, and he says that what with all the other bits in *Beaver's*, he just doesn't have space for more foot jobs than one a



I've tempted to print a picture of my *Beaver* feet, but I'm not going to. I had a word with Debra about this, because she shoves her end we both agree that it's something a number of women like to do now and again. I do it quite often because I like to wear high cut boots and things when I visit the swimming pool, and I also happen to like several men like yourself who like nothing better than burying their heads in my freshly-showered cunny

Dear Penny,

I'm really turned on by pregnant women which is great at the moment, because my wife is due to give birth to our second child in August! However, what I'd like to find is if there are any groups who cater for lovers of pregnant women, the same way there are for leather fetishists and the like. Can you help?

J AL, London

month. He has promised to try and keep plenty of feet in the actual gully plan, though, so keep your eyes peeled. The only other footy people I know about are the *Foot Covers Adornment Society* (known as *FLAS*). You can write to them at: *FLAS, PO Box 887, Stamford-Le-Ways, Essex SS17 7UU*.

Attention Seamed Stocking Lovers!

We've had a number of letters about seamed stockings lately, and I've managed to dig up an address for you! According to the *FLAS* magazine *The Stock Factor* a company called *The Stock Factor* can supply this style reinforced for stockings. I haven't tried them, so I can't tell you whether they're any good or not, but you can get a catalogue by writing to: *The Stock Factor, 5 Cranborne Way, London SE28 8HF*.



You did what? With how many people? Well don't just tell us about it, share it with the rest of our readers! Send us your naughtiest tales and we'll print them. What's more, if you send in rude pictures to go with them, then we'll pay you 25 quid for every one we use, so get scribbling and snapping, and send your results to: Rave On!, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CMB 38Z.

Barefoot Babes

I thought the first issue of *Barris* had thought it was finished. I have a fetish for women's feet, especially the soles. On the inside of the Coast cover, there's a photo for people showing a beautiful



eye, "Focus first to her sole..." So hopefully the new *Barris* magazine will cater for people with a fetish for feet (and not just women's feet). I decide if I will subscribe to *Barris*, it would be appreciated if you could send me some sample colour photos of women posing barefoot and doing naughty things with their feet, so this will help me make up my mind on the quality of the material in other *Barris*, if it is possible, it would be great if you could send any photos of women posing barefoot, as in the

"We want to see the jungle" photo about to leave I

A. S., London.

Wendy from The Gt. Now come one, if you don't really want us to send you some of the Gt, do you? Tell it was a bit try make it be realistic, why don't you just buy a few issues to work out whether you like to see some? And if you have any comments, we'd be delighted to hear them.

Good Nudes

This is just a quick line to tell you that you're the top choice! Please, to your future letters, could you include pictures of completely nude ladies with good,

athletic physiques. To me, all the best ones seem to be partially clothed, as depicted in most magazines. Let them appear without tight-fitted clothes, long nails and excessive make-up. They only detract from the beauty of the ladies concerned.

Please show real athletes, not ordinary models posed in the gym, pretending to lift weights etc. I like to imagine expert weight lifting and wrestling in the nude, with strong, athletic girls, not losing their title, from bodies without mine.

Thank you, I am sure, be a popular feature in your magazine.

B. H., Manchester.

Wendy from The Gt. I'm looking for, if I'll try but I can't promise you



anything. For people wanting to see that they are getting along of the only looking at lady who has found the corner from the Coast do not see some at 40 yards.

Got No Sole

I'm just writing to say how much I enjoy your new magazine and to apologise "for the slip". My two great love to life are feet and looking. As a child in *Children's* I remember girls would stand by the road on their feet with their bare feet, and would often be seen with close-up photos of female feet. I've been reading on *Barris*, it's a girl's feet, it's definitely the place to be! I would therefore make their soles all right! I hope you can include female feet looking your as well if you like, and *Barris* magazine. I could give you some to show my love!

Scott, Sussex.
Wendy from The Gt. I'm sorry we didn't make



connect with her lovely feet in the air ready to be taken by the two girls holding her ankles above the suspension there it





that he was caught with another woman by his wife. Have a lot of a wife when it comes to electronic sex. Our coffee producer had heard, so he said that she would take it round to Cheryl for him to film it. She said that he wouldn't mind paying for it, so I let her go round with it. About half an hour had passed and she had not returned with the coffee provision. I decided to pay round to see what the hold up was, and was greeted by a night that will make us never forget when I think about it.

That has one of those throat glass doors. I was just about to knock when I noticed two figures in the doorway. One was Dee, the

other, I think my head all up the glass door. In the meantime I had been, maybe a couple I quickly got to my feet and ran out of the door. She came to the door, the security guard had had his trousers round his waist and his cock was dripping with my wife's cum. He shut the door and my wife did not return for another half hour. She said that they had had a few problems with the coffee maker, but he had, sorry to say, died!

That week-end, I returned from work in the early hours of the morning. I made myself a coffee and watched on the TV I had taken my wife to take something for me while I was at work.



CALLING!!! ALL SLUTS

The Staff of this Magazine and their immediate friends require Urgent Sexual Gratification

DO YOUR PART AND VOLUNTEER NOW!

Issued by the Dept. Of Spunk, Whitehall, London, W



other was my wife. I pressed my face up to the glass to get a better view and there she was! My wife in her leotards, making away at my good neighbour's cock. I could not believe it. She stopped smiling and he told her up and put her on the breadboard but she kept cock pruned at the opening of my wife's copping wet cunt. Then he pushed forward and she let out a little yelp of pleasure.

This was all too much for us. I stopped my leotards and got my wife out. I wanted intensely as I pressed my face to the glass door watching my wife taking her best friend the size looked up her

I pressed the plug bottom on the video and to my surprise it was not the throat! It was her and my neighbour's cock and you guessed it, they were fucking like pigs! I didn't see it. It was so much to my surprise I had my cock out and was making furiously in the video within a minute. As they finished fucking (she breaking my wife over her brother's table and coming all over her face), she turned to the camera and said, "Happy Anniversary!" It's our wedding anniversary in a few weeks, and I got the feeling that she was going to be my anniversary present. I

haven't let on that I've seen the video yet. If I'm lucky there may be a few more additions to the tape. It seems to me I will let you know!

M.A., West Yorkshire

Deutsche Girl

Two years ago my boyfriend Robert and I went on holiday to Austria, during which I was photographed and videoed by a 64 year old German gentleman. By the way Robert is 53 and I (my name is Sarah) am 45. We've been married for 30 years and have a 18 year old daughter.

I'm five foot five, have a lovely pair of legs, a pretty nunny and substantial tits which are quite 'voluptuous' if I wear that sort of bra!

We were booked into a rather nice hotel for two weeks and it was as early as the third afternoon when Klaus the German gentleman, appeared on the scene. Robert had gone out to look at the shops and I was having a coffee in the lounge waiting for his return. I was reading a magazine when Klaus sat down across the table from me and introduced himself. He was very good looking with a charming

manner and looked at least 20 years younger than his 64 years. He said he took photos and videos for a German company that dealt exclusively with large and/or pregnant women. He told me he'd had his eye on me ever since (I'd arrived) and wondered if I would like to allow him to have a little session with me for his own private collection and also the magazine to which he was affiliated. He was obviously admiring my cleavage and expressed my knee as he told me how much he enjoyed women with



ing like I was shocked at his suggestion, but as the scene blew around at the thought of being naked in front of him.

He looked me in the back for a week, stood at the end of the week to which I agreed. I told Robert what had happened and he said he had no objections so when Klaus rang I said him everything.

room, came on the night. Door. He went to the room to Klaus came towards me with contraband arms, kissed me lightly on the lips, and led me to a strong-room room while at the same time telling Peter that he'd tell him which book may



was that I had made it out at 10:30 sharp on Saturday morning and take me to his hotel about half an hour away.

On the morning in question I was met by Peter, Klaus's assistant. I got into the back of the car and straight away asked that Peter was looking me over by way of the rear-view mirror. I wasn't prepared for his first words though: "Let me wearing her and tomorrow, when it's so, was you please remove the so. I don't want a small wig marks on your body as to speculate in extreme sleepwork?" I was speechless but as I made no move Peter said, "Don't you please. Kiss."

I instinctively refused, my legs and slipped off my sandals, hoping I hadn't shown too much of my cunt in the process. My legs came off easily and my huge shocked, suggestive were now open to Peter's gaze through my bikini blouse. He immediately arrived at Klaus's hotel where he had a fire

Proof, he had me take off my clothes and play with my tits - repeating lifting, pulling my nipples - all to the command. It was such a thrill. He then asked me whether I wanted Peter "giving a hand" - by now I was so impressed in the position that I simply nodded in agreement.

Klaus asked me to take my skirt and spread my legs as wide as I could get them. My thighs were well spread and I could see Klaus leaning in on my cunt. Peter had continued and walked towards me with his back standing high. He obviously knew what was required of him, so he was behind me, bent to stroke my cunt and put his hands behind my tits lifting my nipples towards my mouth. Klaus told me to relax and let Peter do the



THE RAWERS GUIDE TO MODELLING

PART 2

You've seen the ads, now it's your turn! Follow friendly, guide and become a top glamour model!

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Remember: clean pants & dirty bottom.



Make sure, whenever possible, that the model you use has a pulse and circulation. Most magazines refuse sets of dead girls.

Try to make sure that the model leaves her room at home. You'll get a slap if she sees the front of your trousers ballooning. For starters, and she won't want to let her daughter do the come shots...



work. This wasn't the first time Peter had gone through this position, that was for sure. He looked my nipples and they were throbbing. He got me knowing too that my pulse was the best, then he pushed his hands towards Klaus's camera. Peter then, pressed me forward just that little bit more so that my nipples touched the carpeted floor. It was just enough to make my cunt damp, but I didn't want that to happen, as I knew I'd feel very shy when the eyes of whole were asked for if my pussy was wet. It was as if Klaus

saw my pulse and he he called a short halt during which I went to the loo and dried my pussy and pussy with towel. 30 minutes later I was on my back with Klaus's camera as close between my legs. I hardly had room to get my fingers on my cunt. Very soon my hands were replaced by Peter's and he pulled me wide. Suddenly uncomfortable I clamped my thighs together which had the effect of forcing Peter's hand up my hole. It only lasted for a moment but it was enough to make me

Continue on Page 54

Maria & Alexia



Photographed by Azelle Legrand





I love shopping! Especially for sticky food products like strawberry sauce and whipped cream. What with all the letters we've been receiving from you food fans, it looks like you can't get enough of them, either! The bear left about this about was sticking all the penicillin (sic) to the girls' nippy nips for the cover shoot! Oh, I love my job!









RAVERS

Maria
& Alexa



Here Is the Nude!

Sick of boring holiday programmes all about identical resorts and never catching a glimpse of even a nipple? Then you want to nip off with NUDIST SUMMER when he goes on his holiday. Because this time it's a funny sight!

Although nudism has always been big news in Europe (in particular Germany and France), nudism has never

found widespread acceptance in North America, hence the appalling lack of even topless bathing on their beaches. Maybe that's why so many Americans head for France's nudist resorts.

Americans were certainly well represented in the crowd which turned up to watch last year's Miss Nude contest in Plage des Grilles at the nudist camp Héliopolis-La Côte du Soleil

on the Ile du Levant, 50 miles off the coast of southern France.

Lovers of history might be interested to know that the camp was founded by two doctors, André and Gaston Derville, who invented 60 zones on the island in 1935. They had some nightclubs keen about the medical benefits of sun on the naked human body, and thought that setting up an establishment named after Héliopolis - the Egyptian town famed for its sun worship - was a good way of handing a legacy "It must be a single nudist settlement where lovers of the air and sun will come to enjoy the tranquillity of residential

retreat, to rest from the stresses of artificial city life."

Nice idea, but naive - as lovers of the beach could have told them. The doctors didn't take into account that being on a beach with cliff to your left and the smell of sunbaked bodies is one of the most powerful aphrodisiacs known to mankind. Amazingly, the place was insulated with the rich and fashionable who could afford to build houses on the island as well as the thousands

of less rich but just as enthusiastic who came to gawk in each summer.

The contradiction between the neo-erotic claims of nudism and the obvious sexual attractions of ogling beaches in the 1930s is always around. For instance, camps are usually deliberately neo-erotic - let's face it, bikini girls that toddlers dangle in the lower half of the supermarket don't much of a turn-on. But if you start ogling, note beauty contests, you can't help but realise the



temperatures in the exotic nations. A pair proved to be guys who got turned on by the sight of the beauty contestants on parade and had to conceal their reactions by lying on their stomachs for an hour or two, steadfastly refusing to turn over even when the flesh on their backs was blistering and turning a painful shade of barbecue scarlet!

Byron, the winner of the 60th annual contest, was philosophical about it all, which was fitting seeing as that's a pretty locally vibrant, instead of worrying over whether she could reconcile the inherent conflicts of wealth and

wealth, the 24 year old was more interested in her trip to Costa with her fiancé before getting back to college. The runner-up, 18-year-old Chela, had waited for the first time even though she had been coming to the island since she was a toddler. One of the other contestants, Marjorie, entered at the prompting of her dad and

that contest and was awarded one of the runner-up spots. And as for the spectators? Some of the more "interesting" ones were seen cooling their arse in the Muckmanasoo afterwards with a spot of naked scuba diving - something which Errol

Flynn was reputed to have enjoyed, presumably for similar reasons, when he visited in the 1940s. We just had a bigger market, that's all!





Kimberley

Join us as we head over the top of Haplo's Peak to meet another Scottish lass that I never got to know when I lived there. Not that I'm bitter, of course. The fact that all the girls I knew when I lived in Scotland were plugugly is rather true, not false. In fact, I think it's hilarious that so soon as I moved back, the lassy name started out of the woodwork and all my mates were dropped in to it. Oh, he fucking ha. What a bunch of buggers; they must have been all right. *Kimberley Kimberley* pictures placing themselves as I caught the train in London, inner-city, etc bulging with condoms. And here I am publishing photos of said lady and with not getting a chance to meet them. Sweet of you!



come and Klaus was saying I had to spread it while he told me to look and capture the whole group pose as best!

For the 15 pictures I was asked to be on the floor on my back and straight away my legs felt like rubber and my body I was told to push them together and up which made them look like mini-mountains. He asked me to shake on the strip on my tits so that they pulsed slightly and he could see the flow between them. I had to open my mouth and show my tongue and in front of me was a pretty good view of Peter, and

my friend Klaus was in my eyes, staring at my tits. He was slowly rubbing his hand down me to lower my tits (I was still on my back) and push them together just enough to make them look like two big plates, almost flat. I then had to rub a scented finger over and under my nipples while Klaus moved to the same very close distance. My friend had a red and white shirt and Klaus suggested the big flash, making a huge orgasm.

He said he'd put my breasts on, he with my legs apart and towards the camera, and to start

by pulling and holding my breasts until they all but disappeared up my chest. I was offered Peter's help but I declined as I was getting there and more turned on by watching him stroke his cock than I would have been if he'd been doing the breast tugging. Eventually Klaus asked me to pull my breasts to a 45° angle to show off the areolas, being quite tipsy. This Klaus said, was a lot more erotic than having me with an audience as all Peter still pumped away at his cock while I pushed three fingers inside myself and did some pumping of my own while Klaus embodied back to the microphone as I showed my orgasm.

As it felt as I was doing more of Klaus shouting words of encouragement and Peter falling to the floor, a stream of hot sperm hitting landed on the car-

pet following the last. The car was pulled over a few yards from where I stood. The car remained stationary but I decided not to approach it, being unfamiliar with the area and not expecting anyone to know me.

The car waited for a moment,



and then reversed, moving to a halt directly in front of me. Thinking that it might be a friend of mine after all, I looked forward to look inside. The driver was a female, barely fully in her early 40s, smiling at me from behind her steering wheel. Something in my browns twinkled. She opened the passenger door and she spoke in a low husky voice, "Come aboard. I'll take your wherever you want to go." There always fascinated about feeling an older woman and I'd



yet. After the final great sex minutes of my own, ended at 1 by three, peace, and for a while I barely knew where I was.

After watching and listening Klaus gave me a nice little pat and rubbed his hands across my ample breasts. He pressed 5,000 Australian dollars into my hand which, at that time, was worth about \$295. Not bad for a few hours work!

Watch, Rave-On-Now.

Call Me Miss

Standing at a quiet bar stop late one winter's evening, relaxed with a strong beer, that I must have missed my last love home. About 10 minutes later I spotted a taxi and tried to flag it down, in vain. It wasn't right past, not just as I was about to start later hours according to the publisher of the I noticed another



not need further encouragement, especially when I noticed how far her short black skirt had ridden up her long legs. I could not help but make a glimpse of the red lace panties which barely extended her panty stage. I'm sure that she noticed the smiling ap-

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Call Miss
9.3



Melinda

Photographed by John Graham

Look at the new, revamped *Playboy*. How'd you like it? Hey, they work. It only sports what? Eh, just the basics, though. But what about that ass? eh? I have to admit, it gives me my two fatty lips bulge out in a sort of burger in a bun way. In fact, we had a readers' letter about that only the other day — if I'm lucky we'll publish it in this issue. So you'll know what the hell it's going on about. Is the magazine just imagine yourself having a fast food joint and opening up your burger box and finding that inside it. You wouldn't have any trouble coming up with ideas, would you?









Melinda
RATERS

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Heidi

Photographed by Russ Mawick



Little Shavers

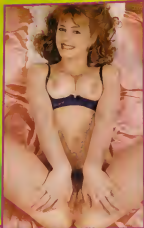


"Born to be a girl in the pubes domain" surrounded the headlines as Heidi brushed off her golden hair and handed it to the DJ, so that he could attach it to his vibrating pole. Okay, so her honey looked lovely with hair, but it sure was better bald! If you don't agree that her lips are one of her more adorable, then feel free to write to our room. It won't do you any lasting good, because we're more than happy to look at her pubes too. Sorry not so! The cover comes home. Or our wives, whichever comes first.









Teen
Stars
Heidi



Leg Ends

Look at those leggy ladies. Doesn't it make your old chap cry out in excitement to see such sexy pins? Every one of these gorgeous *Revers* is a leg-end in her own home, and this is your chance to get your wife's pins on the page. So get your box brownie out, get the missus into her best tights or stockings and send your pin pics to: Leg-Ends, *Revers*, Galaxy Publications Ltd, PO Box 312, Wymon, Essex CM6 3EZ.



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1 MIN

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RAM YOUR COCK UP MY C*NT!



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1 TO 1 WANK AND F*CK TALK

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40-SECOND G-R-O-U-P WANK

WATCH, WANK, SPUNK

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DEAR DELILAH

Got a sounky secret to share with other readers? Then send a hot, risky letter to me, Delilah, and tell me all about it. I'm 36 years old and a 96DD cup. I've been around and I'm unshockable. At least I think I am. Why not try me? I can't promise not to answer back, though. Think of me as your own personal sex therapist and get those letters - and yourself - coming. Send your horny reads to: Dear Delilah, Ravens, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3JZ.



Dear Delilah

You sound like a wonderful, witty, sexy woman. I would like to see a picture of you wearing a very tight corset, a bra that pushes your big, jugs up together and gives them a gripper cleavage and seamed stockings with lace tops. I'd like to see you bending over with your bare legs and your succulent breasts falling out of your bra.

Then I'd like to kneel behind you, grab your waist with my hands and stick my tongue in your neck.

I'd lick you slowly and lovingly all the way along your

body and right up your hole while I'm doing this, I would have my cock in my hand and be working against the smooth nylon of your stockings.

Finally, I'd spray my hot cum all over your stockings. Love

BILL, NEWTON

Well, Bill, that sounds a perfect way of passing a wet Sunday afternoon. I'll see what the art room can do about the pictures. One other thing, after you've covered my stocking tops with spunk, I'd like you to lick it off, then stick your tongue in my mouth so I can taste it, too.



That Bastard Tannoy!

Dear Delilah,

I read with great delight your letters page detailing couple's exploits going on and drilled at the neurotypical replies that were given, but nowhere in your periodical did I better pick up about hangups. "Think of me as a sex therapist," you said. Well, how about this one for you? I am 35 years old and still a virgin. It embarrasses me to the pit of my belly, but it's got to be said.

The closest I've come to actually getting my end away was in 1991, when I was working all night at a huge warehouse doing a stock take. In fact, that night could've been quite productive, because I could've been

shagged twice by two different women. The first one happened about 11pm - the girl's name was Anna. She was only about five feet tall but was absolutely gorgeous. She didn't have huge tits, but what she lacked in size, she made up for in a wonderful taste.

She worked as one of the admin assistants and the rest of the lads knew that she really liked me, but they never said anything to me. Anyway, to cut a long and inevitably boring story short, she found me alone doing a spot of clearing. I really shat myself when I felt a hand playing with my balls. I turned around and she landed me one of the best French lessons I've ever tasted as well as to strip me out of my trousers. Not being new, I gave her a right good fondling in all the right places and eventually she had her off to a nice secluded place for a

spot of shagging... or so I thought.

Suddenly the tannoy starts out: "Anna, could you come up to the jobs office, there's a slight discrepancy that needs sorting out." Needless to say she wriggle for my eye out from under me, tucked herself up and was gone for the rest of the bloody shift. I was gutted. **I As well you should be, you poor dear! Your wife must have been hard enough to run places!**

My hopes were raised three hours later at two o'clock, when a beautiful girl called Pat came round to check on me. She was the assistant supervisor about three inches taller than my five feet five, and with huge tits, dirty red, smoking, arse, long legs. (Wow! I really came in my trousers when she said, "Good, I'm going home in about half an hour, but don't just say something!" I gave her a good one to go and "work elsewhere" but I

want you here and now and I'm not taking no for an answer." The usual happened. This time it was bells out, slow work and French kissing from her and tits out, right hand up her cunt and nose French kissing from me. To me, that night was and will be forever known as The Night of the Bastard Tannoy. The blessing thing interrupted again by saying "Pat, we at the office have a surprise for you. Could you come up and see us, please?" I remembered Pat saying to me, "It's not taking no for an answer." Last, she soon triggered off, leaving me even more gutted.

Sorry those two isolated incidents, but all after that happened. I am shy and do not like making first moves because my clenching etc. tucks back into overtime and fingering gets off. I have enclosed a photo of you will see what an ugly bastard I am, too. So as my personal sex therapist, I demand a possible answer. Actually, I





David's demands? I might as well
nigly ask for one.
DAVID, LIVER.

What can I say, David? It sounds like the folk at your work have it in for you! I met my last bunk at the supermarket fruit counter, so perhaps you ought to try that? Just as this lad was about to choose some apples, I made a comment about squeezing melons and had his attention straight away!

I know you can't do the same, but it's got to be better than listening to that tanny!

Dear Delilah

Please can you help a shy 18 year old? (Any time, my Ind!) My problem is that I have taken control

with out and I can't find love anymore. I put my hand inside their skirts and feel about, but sooner or later they pull my hand away and say I'm not doing it properly. Here's a guy supposed to teach if he's not given a chance?

RAJ, BIRMINGHAM

You're obviously another candidate for a sex education video, Raj. Put one on your birthday list. Until then, here's my guide to efforts location. Slip your hand down the front of your girlfriend's panties. Feel for the division where the pubic mound begins to part. Explore that cleft with your finger. Just along it, you'll feel a little hard lump, hidden inside its own little hood of flesh. That's the all-

forts. It's like *Aladdin's lamp*, because when you rub it, magical things start happening. It gets harder and she starts heading for an orgasm!



Banking For Pleasure

Dear Delilah,

I'm a 24 year old secretary at a firm of London bankers (no pun intended). I have just been promoted and my new MD is a handsome 30, something divorcee. Being the little mouse I am, I had tried for some weeks to catch his attention by showing more cleavage, but it was apparently no avail. I've never had a problem getting a guy I liked before, being tall, slim and blonde, but my boss seemed a tough nut to crack.

So how did I crack it? Well, for the last few weeks I've been wearing sequins and high heels to the office (no short skirts and boots had-



is I raised his eyebrows)
It's not his eyebrows you want to raise, Mandy!
having almost gone up on him

James sits behind me. I have a habit of sucking off my shoes sometimes, as I love the feeling of the soft carpeted floor on my bare feet, or often sit with my ankles crossed behind my chair, looking at shoes and displaying my sole.

I had noticed that James's voice had started quivering as the jeans for no apparent reason, until I

glanced round one afternoon to find his eyes glazing down at the floor - I would have thought nothing of it, but he made a comment in a quivering voice that my feet must be cold!

"Got him!" I thought to myself, as I slipped my shoes off again to play my soleheel!

The next morning I arrived with ankle boots, having varnished my toes a bright coral colour. I told James how my feet ached because of the boots, but he made no comment. Then I slowly untied the short laces and kicked off my boots, nothing new his conversation became vulgar again. I rubbed my bare feet over the carpet, feeling quite hairy as

the sensation depressed my toes, knowing the impact I was having.

Oh, you dirty little mind!

As James finished his call, I turned around to talk to him - his eyes were fixed at my feet! I asked if he would come over to check my work and nearly cranked up as I saw the bulge in his trousers. As he stood next to me, I told him how I had painted my toes and asked him if he thought I had dirty feet. He said they were very small and dirty

heels and the soles. My whole body was literally tingling as he took my feet in his mouth and gently sucked each one as I stroked his penis.

James ripped my trousers, slit (having first locked our doors) and sucked me from my toes, up my legs and gave me plenty a serious shag, before we ended up on the floor. I released his stuffy, which in all the excitement had already started to leak!

A well-lubed cock is a well-loved cock, I always say! He slid on top of me

and took my toes

with about as he said his long dick into me what a feeling

also about giving me a serious toe-sucking. I'm staying at his place this weekend, and he gave me a copy of *Diary* to read whilst he's out, playing squash (and anal, more!)

The Bang Gang photo shoot I have and got me fantasising madly as there was a hint of toe sucking between the two former girls in the mag - it's now my fantasy to be in the bare feet of the Bang Gang girl!

Please, please, let a bare shoe for one shoe to have a bare foot special!

MANDY, LONDON.

P.S. And never willies too please!

I'll certainly mention the no-shoe policy to the Ed, but I know he's been trying to include more footies for the past few issues. I'd



Not too dirty Mandy!

"asked
"Yes, very pretty," he replied, turning as red as my varnish!

"So into them," I said, my hands racing

James fell down and gently took hold of my feet. He started stroking them and then kneeling my



to look down with a minute and the description of often repeated James got ahead of so that he took his feet, and had them into

love to see some more willies, too, especially on my pages. The only problem is that we're not allowed to print any offlies, but if you boys want to share yours with Mandy and me, then send them in to me! Just make sure to mark your cover-lap 89 in the top (left corner, so the Ed doesn't get it bright when he opens it!

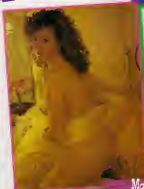




STEWART
RAWERS Kimberley

Stark Rovers!!

You can't keep a good wife down, not unless you offer to lay her a nice one motor. Just in case you missed the last lot, here's some more of your favourite wives to keep you going until mud season. And, seriously, we want to see even more of you lot on these pages, so if you reckon your wife or partner is up to the challenge, then here to page 84 for details of how to get yourselves in print!



Marie Fife





Debbie, Both



Tarnia, Essex





Kung Sheffield





RAVERS GUIDE TO FLASHING



Susan Hits Northampton

Can't say we've ever been to Northampton, but then with this electrical gaffe, I don't need to. In the TV unfortunately, we can't show you the pictures featuring various members of the public taking to the backstreets and trying to catch a glimpse of Susan's legs as she poses it at the camera. We don't want to embarrass anyone, now do we? Well, not really. If you think your town is the dog's bollocks for flashing, then why not let us know? If you can get your pictures to prove the point in pictures, we'll print them and pay you loads of cash, that's how you know we're On The Map. Raven, Raven Publications Ltd., PO Box 142, Wilton, Essex CM8 3EZ.



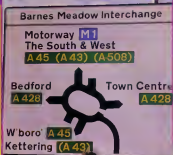


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this night the letter caught us all off guard one blinding morning when you are, just saying your first coffee of the day and when there's a fifteen letter note with your name written on it. And I know that even on that I'm going to believe if I'm very lucky but the odds of us finding a girl who wants to pose traveling in this is slim!

Horny Herbert

My divine mistress, Sherry bar Up The Works from here on — GO has just sent me a copy of *Horny Volume 1* issue 1 I don't believe that the net is made to do it! (It is — GO) and I'm a disturbed wife it does the club opportunity I had to pass from wanting issue 10, I had to write and congratulate you for publishing such a great and gorgeous publication. Most of the best in men's magazine comes my desk I thought I was the one with the dick sized a 10, what do you do for a living? — GO, but Harvey excites me so the best magazine publication yet produced. With over 140 outstanding pictures to enjoy, it is the first magazine I've had in years to greatly increase my motivation.

I am especially pleased that you share the desire (Harvey) to the first model to introduce you Up The Works feature, which



Sherry bar Up The Works from here on — GO has just sent me a copy of *Horny Volume 1* issue 1 I don't believe that the net is made to do it! (It is — GO) and I'm a disturbed wife it does the club opportunity I had to pass from wanting issue 10, I had to write and congratulate you for publishing such a great and gorgeous publication. Most of the best in men's magazine comes my desk I thought I was the one with the dick sized a 10, what do you do for a living? — GO, but Harvey excites me so the best magazine publication yet produced. With over 140 outstanding pictures to enjoy, it is the first magazine I've had in years to greatly increase my motivation.

take the art of representation of the world to the legitimate the art of life. That is the most outstanding sensation of the performance art that I've yet seen. It is obvious from her voluptuous style that she enjoyed every minute of experiencing these guys at Paul's Aston with such a genuine exhibition of her gorgeous body, most especially the female way she keeps her pussy so meticulously clean. I hope her elegant display encourages some ladies to liberally display the sexual instruments in such unorthodox public places and have themselves discovering it

within this unique way to push the sexual establishment. While I have lots of photos of her in the buff, it is the most admirable series of the — I have yet seen. They and all the others of such loaded vision, will keep my motivation going until the next Harvey arrives. Additionally, I haven't taken time yet from studying all these delicious photos to look for one properly, but I haven't been able to find a time for subscribing. One that you have extended my need to play with myself, I have the motivation of the delight. Please tell me how I can become a permanent recipient of such a magnificent publication. I hope you take *Interventions* (Wednesday) 12 noon. I can send US mail or even change it to British pounds if need be. Just tell me how much you need to send is overseas.

Herbert, Man, etc.
Well from the 10, I can I believe you actually started the series of pussy in my first one. I'm I haven't done that. It's not to know that there has reached Harvey, a lot and the reason you couldn't see a site from a few so didn't have such a lot of the of who would you rather have a hot man naked baby, or a crazy one that takes up space? I mean if I can find the room, well I got to be in the moment (later) I've ended you while in how to get up for a girl!

In Praise of Bev

First I'd like to congratulate you on your feature that makes being single and a HOT female, it's great to see an adult magazine that is not just only horny, with really sexy letters and stories, beautiful girls and a great reader's advice col-

umn. What more can I say? It made my dick rock hard to read.

The main reason I'm writing is because of one of the girls in *Horny* issue, in particular, Sherry bar Up The Works. The photos of her with her exquisite tits and nipples, plus her incredible and beautiful pussy and of course her very being (and I love being near you) had me speaking all over the place.

If I was there with her I'd kneel down behind her and slowly rub the head of my cock up and down her neck, feel the curls she asked me to touch her. Then I'd push my cock deep into her cunt and begin to slowly fuck her until I'm about to come. Then I'd withdraw my cock and shoot my sperm inside all over her from neck down and that is all off. Then I'd rub her cunt out and as the same time she would lick my cock and until I was hard again and



Sherry bar Up The Works from here on — GO has just sent me a copy of *Horny Volume 1* issue 1 I don't believe that the net is made to do it! (It is — GO) and I'm a disturbed wife it does the club opportunity I had to pass from wanting issue 10, I had to write and congratulate you for publishing such a great and gorgeous publication. Most of the best in men's magazine comes my desk I thought I was the one with the dick sized a 10, what do you do for a living? — GO, but Harvey excites me so the best magazine publication yet produced. With over 140 outstanding pictures to enjoy, it is the first magazine I've had in years to greatly increase my motivation.

also make it until I come to her mouth. And, of course, I'd keep getting her pussy until she came and saw the even better taste of her wet juice.

You would make a happy DIT





Susan RAVERS



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ending at the waist of my jeans.

From the start she adopted a dominant role and instructed me only to call her "Mia." I asked her if she was a teacher and she replied, "Is a way, young man." She dropped her left hand from the steering wheel and placed it on my crotch. "Do you like that?" she asked me. "The Mia," I replied and she rubbed and squeezed my penis, which was now stiff and jumping in my jeans.

I put my right hand into her jeans leg and gently stroked it, moving towards her pussy. "Oh, you found me!" she said, smiling. "Let me concentrate on you first. Be a good boy and take your role



right for me." "The Mia," I replied, feeling treated like a subordinate really aroused. Without further ado I whipped out my cocky and let her grasp it. "Good boy," she smiled softly, moving her hand up and down my erect shaft. "I want you to look at me and make yourself off," she said.

"I want you to tell me when you're about to come." "The Mia," I replied and dutifully got on with getting my padding. She kept her eyes on the road but placed her left hand on her red panties and nervously began to rub her fingers all over her crotch. It was a stroke of luck that no other cars pulled up at the traffic light so we

stopped at Mia's light aside her pantie when the light went on red and stopped those fingers inside her squelching cunt. When she frenziedly begged her fingers, I could feel that beautiful jacking sensation, starting at the bottom of my cockle. "I'm coming Mia!" I yelled.

She smiled and took her fingers from her pink hole and pushed them into my mouth — the smell of her hot sex down my wind. Expiring with pleasure, I shot a load of hot spunk all over her. "Good boy!" she exclaimed, guiding the car away.

CONTINUED
ON PAGE
82

SNATCH OF THE DAY!

Win!!
with

Do you fancy the short off Nasty's back, why? Well you can't have her backside, because the Ed's wearing them. Now, we're giving away Nasty's Busty PC shirt in this easy prize competition. To win, all you have to do is write in with the funniest backside name you can think of. The winner will be the one who

oukies our fancy — and Nasty's — the most. And remember: even babies are not exemptable. We'll give them on there. **Send your entries by 11.59pm on 10th January 2001.** Don't miss out!

Prize: Busty PC Shirt, Exact DMS 38-40. The winner will be notified by post.

Tail Ends

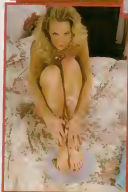


Photographed by Exposure Images

Regulars will know that I love bums. I don't feel bad about the swelling, but some are guaranteed to give me a hernia the size of Cheesecake's Nipples. (Which is why I decided to make you look at them every month in this section. If you don't like it, then you can skip all the other girls, but no fun. Bums are quite happy to stay here. I've even tried to include something for the feet and leg here this month, thanks to Paula wanting to show her legs in art. Who knew I be against? Especially when I couldn't stand up to leave the room to see if I broke something in my breasts...

Paula







Paula
Tail Ends



from the traffic lights, "I want you to come to my place and let me do it!"

As we drove through the night I spent the time imagining what her naked body would be like. She was thin and although her tits didn't seem too big, they were still a nice handful. She told me she was 44 years old and single. That's to say she did have a boyfriend but he spent most of his time working overseas. She enjoyed keeping herself toned up by reading dirty magazines and watching sex films while she worked herself off with dildo and the like. "I like the real thing" she said. "I used the feel



of a bit, with neck bending in my pussy. I used the feel of coming myself filling my bangs. Do you understand me, young man?" "Yes Miss," I answered, starting to feel very horny again.

When we arrived at her flat, she ordered me straight into her bedroom where we hurriedly removed each other's clothes. She lay on her back with her knees lifted and her legs wide open. She pulled her hairy ass out with her fingers allowing me a view of her pink, moistened hole. "Look & hard for me, young man," she said, smiling.

In no time at all my tongue was up and running all over her

poofing me up. She moved, groined and pulled at my hair and it was not long before she arched her back and allowed her boiling juices to explode with steady come pains. I lifted my wet face from between her thighs and she continued my raging havoc. Suddenly she turned over onto her hands and knees.

"Giddy me hard" she ordered. I took her at her word and thrust my prick deep into her pussy. She quivered and panted in delight as my balls slapped against her butt. "You fill me big boy" was all she would say as I watched her the erotic to the reflection from off the full length mirror. I pounded away at her in good style until she pleaded with me to check my mist over her back. I pulled my prick from her and she watched me to the mirror as my sperm gushed all over her hairy "blood bag" she shouted as we fell into each other's arms exhausted.

Since then, Miss and I have become very close in touch. Perhaps I'd tell you just how close! In the meantime let me thank by saying that for me, unclassified sex, the other woman is best.

Andy, Glasgow

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may even happen if you could get her to do a full-page set showing off her body in the fall.

"That's all for now, I'm going to turn another waste over her's photos. She makes me so horny! I think I'm in love."

From, Montreal.

Read from the Ed. You're not alone, mate, we've had loads of letters about Jay as I hope she'll read us some more give it more!

Lab Fan

Dear Editor,

A request and an idea. Please, please do a full-page spread on the model who possesses the beautiful pussy which was featured in "Kiss Your Partner" in

one which features the best and most pronounced inner labia, which we have compared to Anna's.

We both think that your new magazine is great, a sort of cross between *Fucks* and *Escort*. Though, well here's the idea, we both think that a good general between page would inspire it still further.

Matt and Anna, London.

Word from the Ed. Thanks for the idea which Matt's idea is obliged to us some pictures of Anna's idea, by the way, and I'm sure our other readers are doing here with enormous fondness of the thought of you two enjoying the picture. Maybe you'll be in some photo and read her's is for a better way to get concerned you, it's



Number Volume 1 Issue 2 on page 33. The model in question was the one whose picture page had the feature, "Foxy Express" above it, and more referred to as, "middle legs". My current girlfriend possesses similar "big shaft" though not as copious. We love this great pleasure in looking through the top-half magazine, and always buy the

already on the way and not worried, we tried to put a bit more long idea of both on the next few months. It's just a problem finding them. So if any other readers have ideas or different who is the Ed. let us know the what do you want by a nice point later page? You will be, well, just that!

Dreaming of Joanna

What a great idea to invite readers to describe all the nude things they would like to do in the absolutely revealing, downtown Journal on meeting her at her place, she would be wearing only what she has on in the picture in the magazine. While white underwear and stockings last night, I would strip down to a pair of very revealing bikini, as my cock would be strutting to burst out of the restraining material. Now, when the body erect it is only just a night look as long, but it is so good!



ATTENTION!

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMEN!

The Genital Inspectors Want You!

SEND YOUR PICTURES IN TO THE EDITOR

Issued by the Dept. Of Spunk, Whitehall, London, W1.

mainly the real a-spacer look in a simple reason. I would have to start by taking off her top so that I could examine her thoroughly from the beginning and feeling those lovely nipples until they stood right up. I would then like to spread them together and

apart as she sits on something. I would like and kiss all over the inside of her soft inner thighs and work my way to her breast fully aroused & fuzzy (which I love to see as it exposes every delightful detail and makes it easier to give a really good looking



while my cock between them. Joanna could take the top of my cock as it goes up toward her face, then she could take it all into her lovely mouth, holding it with her hand and massaging my balls with the other one.

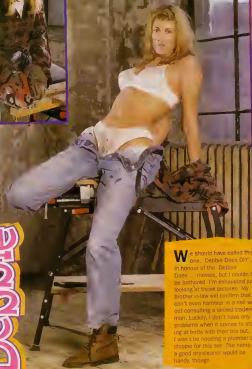
After being in this very satisfying position, I would have to think of her spreading her legs

and riding! I would extend my tongue inside her so far as it can go while riding me, then lay her face deep inside her hot and juicy cunt. By now Joanna would be really horny, digging her nails into my back, and I would take my way up her body



Debbie

Photographed by Bob Turner



We should have called this one, "Debbie Does DIY", in honor of the "Debbie Does..." movies, but I couldn't be bothered. I'm exhausted just looking at these pictures. My brother-in-law will confirm that I can't even hammer in a nail without consulting a skilled tradesman. Luckily, I don't have any problems when it comes to staring at birds with their tits out, so I won't be needing a plumber or chippy for this set. The name of a good drycleaner would be handy, though.